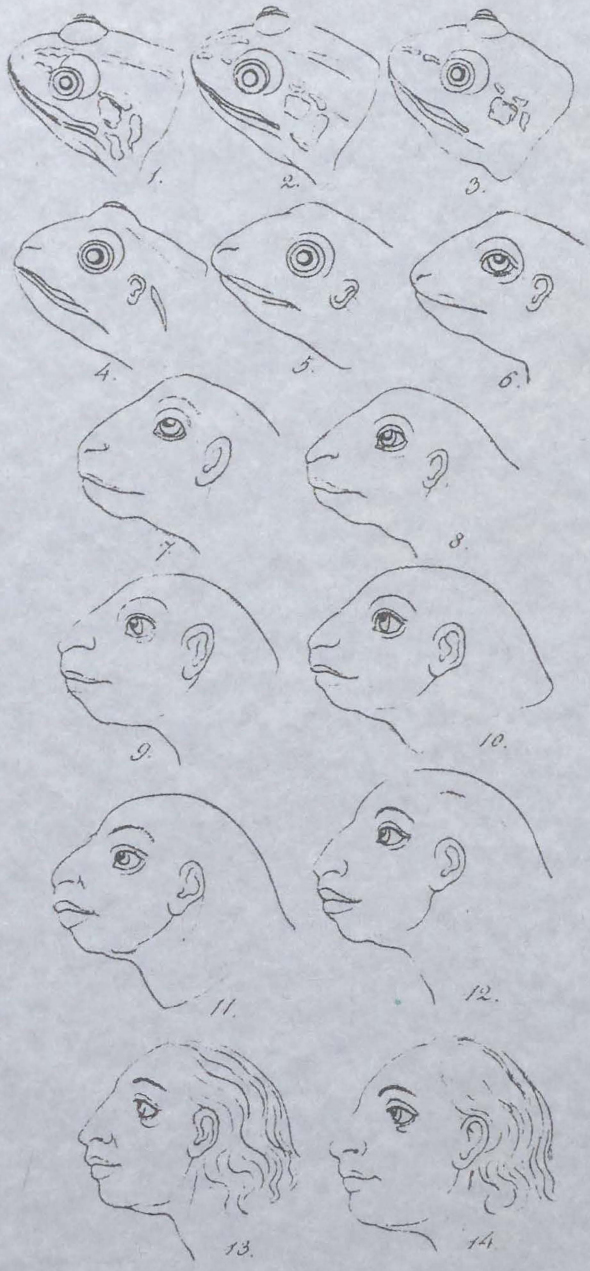
rain
queer



peter lamborn wilson

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Peter
Lamborn
Wilson

farfalla press / McMillan & Parrish

MMIV

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and Jack Collom

1st edition

credits

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rain cloud – *Rosarium philosophorum* (1550)

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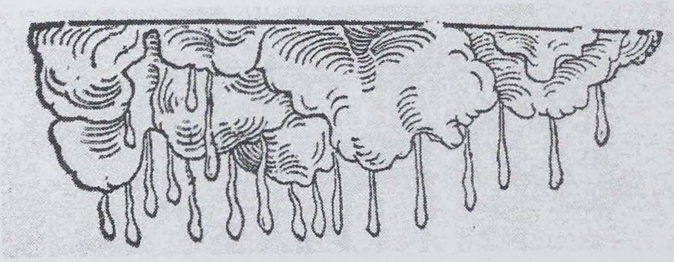

"... *Unspeakable Cults* ..."

— H.P. Lovecraft

Pines dripping with incessant rain
nobody else around for miles and miles
yes that's us under the bridge:
there's no democracy
in the realm of remote viewing

Salvador Dali smoked opium once
& committed sodomy once with Garcia Lorca
once was enough: he got the idea
"the most intelligent smell in the world"
fecal, like patchouli or rain on dead leaves

Moss grows
even inside the Dublin omnibus
& alas the emerald dust has sprouted
on my loved one's upper lip.

On rainy days I construct a ship of calligraphy
& sail away, one man one vote.

Somewhere out in the swamp a messianic blur
of molecules vibrates with deep blue luminescence
near where John Burroughs built his rustic cabin
now preserved in formaldehyde

No one goes there not since the 19th century
to visit the People of the Tombs or
Meet the Messiah in the Air – it
might as well be glossolalia for all they care

we could take off our clothes burn down our
own houses & *they'd* never know. There's
always one last shack with no indoor plumbing
not yet targeted for Interpretation

where messiah waits for anyone
crazy enough to come in after him.

It needs to be cloudier, harder to read
written by moonlight & tossed in the river

Certain people like dogs will hear it on angelic wavelengths
grave digger, apple picker, seasonal work

He says: One writes for the spirits, anonymous pamphlets
badly printed on acidic yellowing pulp

Undeciphered hieroglyphs possess power to unleash spirits
Champollion betrayed us, we must somehow regain our unletteredness

power to cloud our own minds & blow them
at least on formal occasions

pending the emergence of a dialectic of failure
perhaps in some poverty stricken rural county beyond the reach of
prose

or amongst dumpster-diving neo-hobos for whom tenderness is cherished
as if for so many unknown Rimbauds returning from Abyssinia restored
to childhood.

[...]

This entire section is missing – Isobel Burton
burned it, burned it all up in one of these magnificent
cast-iron black gothic-revival victorian woodstoves,
the bitch.

This section was suppressed by smug
liberals priding themselves on liberation from all taboos
no, this text was suppressed because it doesn't exist
couldn't exist, unthinkable, like, say, a thoughtful essay
in praise of Arab terrorists – or no, wait,
Jean Genet already wrote that,
the faggot.

Nobody goes to prison for poetry
this isn't Iran or Stalinist USSR or Saudi Arabia
not since *Naked Lunch* – and so it's clear: this section
either never existed or else the poet himself destroyed it,
the poltroon.

Obit: Ivan Illich

Unreconstructed still bitterly
belligerently for peace & love the saving remnant
COME OUT take up your crosses ye
martyrs of Zerowork.
It was a military defeat
the programme was never implemented
images snarfed & barfed like a Retreat
from Moscow that's dragged on for 40 years.
Repent. The plain of light stretches relentlessly
in all directions: an air-conditioned crucifixion
for Dr Don Ivan Illich of Cuernavaca
the anarcho-Monseigneur who
dreamed in Latin &
never went on TV.

If the primary purpose of sleep is dreaming
then in Utopia no one would need to sleep
(maybe 2 or 3 hrs. acc. to Fourier) since all
the sleeper might desire is acted out

Recent findings however show that waves of REM
dream-states overtake us even in the day
propitious for meshing consciousness with the unseen
but lost in the wash of fifth-rate trance

that we mistake for being awake. So no
sleep's not the nacreous shell of dreams
the mystic pineal gland never slumbers.
As the Hanbalis say in the dawn *azan*

"Come to pray. Prayer is better than sleep" —
high praise indeed for prayer.

Obit: Kathleen Raine

Strangely Believe It as *Mad Magazine* used to say
up all nite on acid in 1966 remember
faring forth in the morning seeing all those Suits
wageslaves voters housewives walking in their sleep –
acid's not compassionate: who are those squid
these Undead in the Mall, Zombis dans le métro
one of the great EEK moments in psychohistory
40 years later we'd still like to know

Ring for the butler for fuckssake
one of the Undone on Eliot's London Bridge
myself some days, pale visionary in the bed-sit
Ms Raine was correct: all very 3rd rate
(the cucumber sandwiches, the silver tea)
as if someone spiked the reservoir with anti-LSD.

Prayer is a ship on a sea of cyber doubt
& drought – a wet ship on a dry sea

We'd pray to you given half a chance
but we live in a land where sacraments are illegal

Pray for health. All this dubious ritual
merely draws flies like dead meat

Just when the kettle begins to laugh
the kettle is praying, prayer its own reward

but only because you're too cruel to care
cruel with a mesopotamian indifference

& perhaps non-existent. Wouldn't we pray
to the lowest snakegod or junkyard djinn

any idol to worship, to focus attention
sharp as a gunshot in deer season.

I planted my garden with enemies not anemones
they sprang up like the tubers of mid-air
like flags without flagpoles rippling in mid-air
in the middle of the air. My lawyers got mildew
Famine potatoes but the pigs came up nicely

Alone in his cabin crafting those homemade letter-bombs
killed three people to get his manifesto into print
finally betrayed by his very *style*

Give us a child who identifies with Indians & bandits
a way of being not quite White
queer, unseen & unforeseen, green
as nettle soup, as the sheen on a cow-fly
eye of a child on the quay at Galway
gazing out to sea to see Atlantis rise.

Once it came natural as embryonic breathing
one child would be the poet
the other would be the poetry.
We play for others even when alone
the most real is the most allegorical
therefore there's a politics of play
a military aspect, perfectly understood.
A body made of breeze, Time as unfoldment
not rolling up or running down like factories.
Neoteny: salamander that regenerates its tail
from sheer nothing
from bright happy clouds
counter-entropic as
Bulwer-Lytton's *Vril*.

Wouldn't you rather
fall in love with a goblin
who distorts your days with the unconsciousness
of dusk & sorrow?
But so far we have only the rain
inside the house as a guide & a hole
where our favorite spook is soon
to be announced.
A shadow falls across the mildewed page
the stars like nails
a study in crime & heredity
spending the day in bed
up in the hills where no one pays taxes
or does the chores.

The village drainage system conks out
after the equinox in some unnatural dusk

graveyards aren't going anywhere, they're
not blurred with speed

the dead are like tent pegs, they're
more stranded, more egglike & childish

"Neptunism": the world in a bowl of soup
paranoid yet calm & incommunicado

Sign up for the umpteenth tour of Gulestan
we'll have to comb our hair & get dressed

stop pretending to be poor & depressed
face the Muzak, the graveyard, the Queen Anne's Lace

as the dangerous angel of the rain recesses
into those mountains with a burden of cloud.

The world of the unseen floats like a boreal
aurora, moving sky banners high above terra
firma, rippling ephemeral emeralds over cold
& distant banks of prism fire.

Any sham shamanistic chalatanry would be justified
if it pinned down the veil of Isis to the
polluted map of Hudsonia. Landscape without the
unseen can never feel real.

A wayside shrine is worth 1000 poems. What
can a poem do? A dead poet might at least
have a sacred grave like Keats or Hafez. Perhaps
100,000 poems would help.

Sacred to the Mohicans, sure, but where are they?
Interpretation poisons the landscape with indifference.

Gothic novel in which nothing much happens
no gratuitous gore etc. the effluvium
of repressed hatred for the cosmic
inanity of the Industrial Revolution

6000 years of counter-plots
to secrete & preserve the nacreous shell
around our most clandestine sources of
anti-entropicalismo & idiot glee

Prey to superstition in the "stupid" countryside
no newspapers no books published post 1911
chill incessant rain draws close as a *chador*
round our effeminate hearth & sacrifice

till we ourselves become the spectres
haunting the light that shimmers on the lake.

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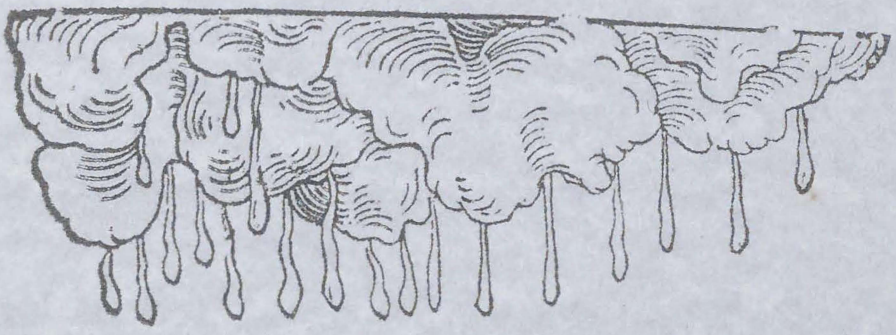

Peter Lamborn Wilson - brilliant translator, poet, magpie scholar, anarchist, consummate cosmologist - offers up this raw bitter tender sequence for all humanity.

We need his salient wisdom and bite more than ever under the dark gathering clouds of Empire & shackles that threaten all civil/sexual/human delights. Liberation now!

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